Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.
Kin. Maddam, your selfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue bene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Heere *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Has. And so I sweare my Lord.
Kin. Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me hapy in his vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish mee
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Gloucester* here,
to make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peares, a happy time of day.
Kin. Happy indeede as wee haue spent the day,
Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong inscensed peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false inteligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to mee to be at emnity.
I hate it and desire all good mens loue.
First Maddam I intreat peace of you,
Which I purchace with my dutious seruice.
Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs,
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentilemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whome my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility,
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter,
I would to God all strife were well compounded,
My soueraigne leige I do beseech your maiesty
To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.
Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be thus scornd in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You doe him iniury to scorne his coarse. (he is?
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* as the rest?
Dor. I my good Lord and noone in this presence
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerst.
Glo. But He poore soule by our first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the couuertmaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched *Clartnce* did,
And yet goe currant from suspition.

Enter Darby.

Dar,